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CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES.



## CORONATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

*See the annexed page, THE CROWNING.*

THIS impressive and yet splendid ceremony took place on *Thursday*, September 8, 1831. Though "shorn of its beams," we mean many of its pageant glories, its record in *The Mirror*, will not, it is hoped, be considered out of place. For this purpose we have appropriated an *extra sheet*, or SUPPLEMENT, as well as the illustrative page of the present Number. The details are from our own observation, aided by the official documents, and we hope, with due regard to clearness as well as brevity. The Engravings which accompany them have been prepared at considerable cost, from drawings made expressly for this work, and their accuracy will, doubtless, be appreciated. We reserve the whole of the CEREMONIALS for the above SUPPLEMENT, and in the present Number bring up our arrears of Coronation articles.\* Thus—the Coronation described, with two whole page representations of its most important ceremonies, may be purchased for fourpence: ten years since—such a plan—36 pages and two large Cuts, for such a sum, was unheard of—nay, probably unthought of; but this short retrospect leads to feelings which we cannot here indulge.

### KING'S CHAMPION.

(For the Mirror.)

ALTHOUGH the chivalrous ceremony of challenging by Champion was dispensed with at the past Coronation, we are persuaded the following particulars, (in addition to those lately given) by a diligent Correspondent, will be acceptable.

Respecting the origin of the splendid office of King's Champion, we have no account absolutely authentic; but Sir W. Dugdale, as well in his *Baronage of England*, as in his *History of Warwickshire*, asserts that William the Conqueror, to reward the services of those eminent commanders who accompanied him in his expedition to England, bestowed on them various grants of divers manors and lands throughout this kingdom. Among those highly distinguished persons was Robert de Marmion, on whom the Conqueror, amongst other gifts, conferred the Castle of Tamworth, in the county of Warwick, to hold by

\* The account of the *Prophetic Stone* of the Coronation Chair, promised for this Number, is inevitably delayed till our next. It is an interesting piece of popular antiquarianism.

Knight's service, and the manor of Scrivelsby, in the county of Lincoln, to hold *per Baroniam*, or by Barony, with the peculiar service of performing the office of Champion to the Kings of England, on the days of their Coronation. From this period the Marmions became Barons of the realm, *per tenuram*, or by tenure, and continued to flourish among the nobles for several generations, with great lustre and renown, intermarrying with the heiresses of some of the most powerful Barons of the age. But about the 20th of Edward I. Philip de Marmion, the fifth in descent from the first Robert, died, leaving female issue only, whereby his great inheritance became divided, and the Castle of Tamworth at length fell to the Freville family, and the manor of Scrivelsby to the Ludlows, by the marriage of whose daughter and heiress, Margaret, with Sir John Dymoke, *knt.*, the same came into that ancient and honourable name. This Sir John Dymoke, at the Coronation of Richard II. claimed to execute the said office of King's Champion, but it was counter-claimed by Baldwin de Freville, who rested his pretensions on the tenure of Tamworth Castle. After great deliberation, it was found that the said castle was only holden by Kings Knight's service, and that this high office was attached to the manor of Scrivelsby, which was holden *per baroniam*, and was the *caput baroniæ*, or head of the barony of the Marmion family; and it moreover appearing that the late King Edward III., and his son Edward, Prince of Wales, surnamed the Black Prince, had often been heard to say that the office belonged to Sir John Dymoke; the question of right was decided in his favour. From this period to the present, a lapse of nearly 500 years, the office has been executed by the Dymoke family at the several Coronations of the Kings and Queens of England. At that of Richard II., by Sir John Dymoke beforementioned; at that of Henry IV., by his son, Sir Thomas Dymoke, who was one of the forty-six Esquires created by that King, Knights of the Bath, on the day of his Coronation; they having watched all the night before and bathed themselves. This Sir Thomas also performed the same office at the Coronation of Henry V., as his son Sir Philip Dymoke, did at that of Henry VI.; and his grandson, Sir Robert Dymoke, Knight Banneret, did also at the same solemnities of Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.; to which last he was one of the gene-

als who commanded at the siege and capture of Boulogne. Sir Edward, son of Sir Robert Dymoke, was champion to Queen Elizabeth, as was Sir Robert Dymoke, his son, to James I. and Charles I.; and his son, Sir Edward, to Charles II.; and his son, Sir Charles Dymoke, to James II.; whose son, another Charles, was champion to Queen Anne; he dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother, Lewis Dymoke, who executed this office at the Coronation of George I. and George II. On the Coronation of George III. John Dymoke, Esq. had the like honour; and the office was performed by a son of the head of the Dymoke family, at the Coronation of George IV. It was done by proxy, because the hereditary champion was a clergyman; and the Committee of Privileges allowed the office to be executed by his son, on his petition to that effect. W. G. C.

**PROCESSION OF QUEEN MARY  
THROUGH THE CITY OF LONDON THE  
DAY BEFORE HER CORONATION.**

*(For the Mirror.)*

THE industrious antiquarian and historian, Stowe, in his *Annals*, says—"The last of September, (1553) Queene Mary rode through the City of London towards Westminster, sitting in a chariot of cloth of tissue drawne with six horses, al trapped with the cloth of tissue. She sate in a gowne of purple velvet furred with powdered ermine, having on her head a caule of cloth of tinsell beset with pearle and stone, and above the same upon her head, a round circlet of gold beset so richly with pretious stones that the value thereof was inestimable; the same caule and circlet being so massy and ponderous, that she was faine to beare up her head with her hand, and the canopy was borne over her chariot. Before her rode a number of gentlemen and knights, then judges, then doctors, then bishops, then lords, then the council: after whom followed the Knights of the Bathe, 13 in number, in their robes; the Bi. of Winchester lord Chancellor, and the Marquesse of Winchester lord high treasurer: next came the duke of Norfolk, and after him the erle of Oxford, who bare the sword before hir: the maior of London, in a gowne of crimson velvet, bare the sceptre of gold, &c. After the Q. chariot, sir Edward Hastings led her horse in his hand: then came another chariot, having a covering all of cloth of silver al white, and six horses trapped with the like, therein sate the lady Elizabeth

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and the lady Anne of Cleves: then the ladies and gentlewomen riding on horses trapped with red velvet, and their gowns and kirtles likewise of red velvet: after them followed two other chariots covered with red satin, and their horses be-trapped with the same, and certaine gentlewomen between every of the said chariots riding in crimson satin, their horses trapped with the same; the numbers of gentlewomen so riding were 46, besides them in the chariots. At Fenchurch was a costly pageant made by the Easterlings: at the upper end of Grace-streete there was another pageant made by the Florentines very high, on the top whereof there stood four pictures; and in the midst of them, and most highest, there stood an angell all in greene, with a trumpet in his hand, and when the trumpetter, who stood secretly in the pageant, did sound his trumpet, the angel did put his trump to his mouth as though it had been the same that had sounded, to the great marvelling of many ignorant persons; this pageant was made with three throw-fares, or gates, &c. The conduit on Cornhill ran wine, and beneath the conduit a pageant made at the charges of the city, and another at the great conduit in Cheape, and a fountain by it running wine. The Standart in Cheape new painted, with the waites of the city aloft thereof, playing. The Crosse in Cheape, new washed and burnished. One other pageant at the little conduit in Cheape, next to Paules, made by the Citie, where the Aldermen stode; and when the Queen came against them, the recorder made a short proposition to her, and then the Chamberlaine presented to her in the name of the maior and the city, a purse of gold, and 1,000 marks of gold in it; then she rode forth, and in Paules churchyard, against the schoole, one M. Heywood sat in a pageant under a vine and made to her an oration in Latin and English. Then there was one Peter, a Dutchman, stode on the weathercock of Paules steeple, holding a streamer in his hand of 5 yards long, and waving thereof, stode sometime on the one foote, and shook the other, and then kneeled on his knees to the great marvel of all people. He had made two scaffoldes under him; one above the crosse, having torches and streamers set on it, and one other over the bole of the crosse, likewise set with streamers and torches, which could not burn the wind was so great; the said Peter had 16*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* given him by the citie for his costs and paines and all his stuffe. Then was there a pageant made

against the dean of St. Pauls gate, where the queristers of St. Pauls played on vialles and sung. Ludgate was newly repaired, painted and richly hanged, with minstrelles playing and singing there: then there was another pageant at the conduit in Fleete-streete, and the Temple Barre was newly painted and hanged. And thus she passed to White-hall at Westminster, where she took her leave of the Lord Maior, giving him great thanks for his paines, and the citie for their cost. On the morrow which was the first day of October, the Queene went by water to the olde palace and there remained till about eleven of the clocke, and then went on foote upon blew cloth, being railed on either side unto St Peter's church where she was solemnly crowned and anointed by the Bishop of Winchester, which coronation, and other ceremonies and solemnities then used according to the olde custome, was not fully ended till it was nigh foure of the clocke at night that she returned from the church, before whom was then borne three swordes sheathed and one naked. The great service that day done in Westminster Hall at dinner by divers noblemen, would take long time to write. The Lord Maior of London and twelve citizens kept the high cupboard of plate as butlers: and the Queene gave to the Maior for his fee, a cup of gold with a cover, waying seventene ounces."—*Stowe's Annals*, page 1043-45. P.T.W.

## The Cosmopolite.

### SPRINGS AND RIVERS.

(For the Mirror.)

"Drink waters out of thine own cistern, and running waters out of thine own well"  
*Proverbs*, chap. v. verse 15.

GIVE me the cool evening hour, just as the sun is setting in gorgeous majesty, behind the empurpled hills, lighting up the skies in golden lustre, and shedding a rich and mellow tint upon the yellow foliage of the scenery. Give me that delicious hour, remote from the haunts of busy men, and let me lounge in luxurious indolence, by the side of some babbling stream just burst from the bowels of the earth:

"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down."  
*Psalms*, CXXXVII. verse 1.

or let me lay and gaze over a wider expanse of water, some sleepy, stealing river, or calm, unruffled lake; there let me lay and watch the fleeting of the day, the wonderful and brilliant changes in the sky, till all fades gradually away,

and a cold, grey, and a solemn stillness pervades the scene.

I like the sound of rushing waters. There is a melody in the brook as it gurgles along amid the sedge grass, telling a love tale to each floweret that glistens on its side. There is a majesty, incomprehensible and astounding, in the mighty fall of waters, roaring and foaming in their angry course. There is a placidity in the silvery, undisturbed lake, which calms the most turbulent and unruly spirit, and the voice of the Deity himself is in the awful muttering of the ocean as it breaks frequent and regular on an extended beach in the dead of a summer's night.

WATER! the great pabulum of vegetation—the source of riches and commerce—the very life blood of the earth, whose pulsations are the tides. Whether it appears among us in springs, or descends from heaven in rain—whether we see it in streamlets, or rolling itself along between two wide banks like in the Mississippi—whether in lakes in Cumberland, or in the Black Sea, or in the vast Atlantic. Water is valuable in the facilities which it affords to human industry, and in the comfort it contributes to our wants in life.

Man, in his early state, wandering and wandering, erring, and erratic, has always fixed his habitation near water. Ancient London was selected on account of the flowing river, which doubtless extended to the south, over Kennington and Camberwell, in one vast mere, lagoon, or lake. The higher land would be chosen in cases of inundation, and consequently recent discoveries have shown that the most ancient portion of inhabited London was in the vicinity of St. Paul's, extending possibly along the ridge of higher ground, by Watling-street to Dowgate, signifying in British the *water-gate*, where a streamlet might have joined the river; and the very formation of the land even to this day amidst all the transformations of modern improvement partly sanctions the theory. That man should fix his habitation near water, is natural enough, both for convenience and for food. In all new colonies we find the banks of rivers are first located, and the increasing population spreads itself along the banks. Amid the ruins of the new world, and there are ruins and traces of men of far older date in those regions than in the eastern hemisphere—amidst those ruins the stream of population extended northward along the banks of the large rivers which flow in the western interior of that curious and interesting country.

The Ohio is studded with the reliquia of a departed people, who flourished God knows when, but who buried their dead like the ancient Celts, and who paid their adoration to the carved idol.

Man, a reasoning and inquisitive animal, would view water with an eye of deep astonishment as his powers of intellect began to develope. It comes from the earth, and passes by him—but where does it go? he sees the same spring daily, and water still pours forth and rolls away. It falls on him from the thunder-cloud—he imagines his God to be speaking in the blast of the hurricane, the rain beats upon him, and it becomes no longer a matter of surprise; he falls in adoration, and worships water.

In all ages and at all periods of civilization, springs and rivers have been objects of adoration, and probably nowhere so commonly as in England. It was a Druidical ceremony, as well as an Egyptian custom. The Nile was worshipped, and the celebrated Delphic Oracle was near a holy spring. Ablutions are common in all religions, and the Romans raised altars to the nymphs of the fountains. A beautiful specimen of one was exhumed in Northumberland, and is preserved among the stores of the Antiquarian Society.

The Miracle of Moses calling forth the waters from the rock, when he smote it with his rod, bears upon the subject now before us. Elisha, when he slew the false prophets, raised an altar of stones, and dug a ditch round it, which was filled with water.—1 Kings, chap. xxxiv. verse 35.

To this very hour the Brahmin reverences the holy Ganges, and devotees stand in it up to their necks, ejaculating prayers, unless an alligator, with an awkward appetite, makes free with him by way of a *whet*. But we need not go so far as the Ganges for a proof of existing water worship; we have only to look at the good old Doge of Venice, throwing his gold ring annually into the waves of the Adriatic—and there is a relic of pure unsophisticated Druidism.

It was a custom among the Gaulish Druids to assemble at a holy lake near Toulouse, into which the devotees were devoutly encouraged to plunge their gold and jewels for the good of their souls, which the holy Druids carefully fished up for the good of their pockets.

Count Caylus observes, v. ii. p. 340, "It was the custom of the ancients to throw into consecrated waters whatever they judged agreeable to their gods."

Auguries were made at Wells both by the Grecian and the Roman. The Pa-

træans of Greece dipped a mirror into a well, and its figures portended sickness or health. Those of Laconia cast cakes of bread corn into a pool, sacred to Juno—if they sank, good; if not, harm was predicted. There is a prophetic well at Rosebury Topping, County of York; they consult it in cases of sickness; if a shirt or shift taken off the back of a sick person float, it denotes recovery, and *vice versa*—and to reward the saint, they tear off a rag and leave it hanging on the bushes. Using rags as charms exists in Persia: "after ten days journey, we arrived at a desolate caravansera, where we found nothing but water. I observed a tree with a number of rags tied to the branches, left as charms by passengers coming from distant provinces, in order to leave their complaints behind them."—*Hanway's Travels in Persia*, vol. i. p. 177.

Mungo Park also mentions the same custom to exist in Africa, and we have on record the sanative pool of Bethsheba. Naaman, who was a leper, applied to Elisha for relief, and he was ordered to wash seven times in the Jordan, and what is more, he was cured.—2 Kings, chap. v. verse 1, 9, 10, 14.

"On Midsummer Eve, a fire is kindled at a well called Bede's Well, about a mile west of Jarrow, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to which, as late as 1740, rickety children were brought."—*Brand's History of Newcastle*, vol. ii. p. 54.

St. Winifred's Well is of great note in Wales. Votive crutches, wheelbarrows, &c. were suspended round the walls, and the man who was wheeled to the well, in gratitude left his crutch or his barrow with the saint.

Lilly, in the *History of his Life and Times*, p. 32, relates, "that in 1635, Sir George Peckham, knt., having continued too long in the water of the well, mumbling his *Pater Nosters* and *Sancta Winifreda, ora pro me*, the cold struck the credulous old gentleman, and after his coming forth he never spoke more, and shortly afterwards expired."

A few years, a very few years ago, some parson wrote vehemently in vindication of St. Winifred and her miracles. It is to be hoped that the fair saint will reward her champion for his folly on earth.

Pennant, in his *History of Whiteford Parish*, p. 223, mentions a holy bathing well: "near the steps, two feet beneath the water, is a large stone called the Wishing Stone. It receives many a kiss from the faithful, who never fail in experiencing the completion of their de-

sires, provided the wish is delivered with full devotion and confidence."

In an old work entitled the *Living Librarie*, fol. Lond. 1621, p. 284, I met with the following grave account of "a prophetic fountain in Glomutz, a citie of Misnia, a league from the river Eblis, where the Vandals Torabes came everie yeare in marvellous troupes, to thys wonderfull fontaine, where they sacrificed to their idols, and dulle enquired after the fruitfulness of the year following." As a presage of war, this well would be disturbed by blood and ashes.

In Hone's *Every Day Book*, p. 11, notice is taken of a custom among the Strathdown Highlanders, of drinking water drawn in profound silence from the *dead and living ford*, the *usque cashrichdd*, and it becomes a potent spell till next New Year's Day against witchcraft. A portion of it is always reserved in the house.

In a curious old MS. touching Welsh customs, it appears that if there be a well of our lady or other saint in the parish, the water used at baptism in the font, is fetched from thence, and old women are very eager, after baptism, to wash their eyes with the water.

Within the Holy of Holies, at Mecca, where no Christian is allowed to enter, and close to the celebrated Kaaba Stone, is the sacred well of Zera Zern, famous for its excellence and miracles.—Niebuhr, vol. ii. p. 35.

In London there were several wells of sacred notoriety—and as there are many instances where early Catholics turned Druidical superstitions to their own account. It is possible that these sacred wells boast a higher origin than Christian veneration. For instance, *Chad* was a British Deity, promoted to a *sainthood* by the Catholics, and we have *St. Chad's Well*, of great repute to this day. Then again we have a Holy Well near Tothill Fields—also near the Strand, where the Druidical relic of the May Pole stood till within these few years; and there is also a Holywell-street, near Shoreditch. Then again there were divers wells near London, whereunto the worthie citizens resorted, but more especially we must remember the rendezvous of the Parsons, the Clerks, the Clerkenwell.

Now all this is very fine! *Water* is very well in its way, and much good *springs* from it; but am I not making a dry subject of it? At a future time my ink may *flow* again upon the subject, and (to use an Irish accentuation) for the present I will *LAVE* it—and as for

water—bring me roses—bring me water—clear, delicious water—and here, heigh, heigh, come closer, a word in your ear, *put some brandy in it*—mum.

JAMES SILVESTER.

## Anecdote Gallery.

### THE HOUSE OF BOURBON.

THE Memoirs of this "House" are comprised in two volumes of Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Library*. They are as the reader may expect, less substantial matter than the same Editor's *Cyclopaedia*; but they are withal pleasant books, as Dr. Johnson says, to take to the *fire*. By the way this would be a dangerous vicinity for some of the books that are published in these days.

The volumes before us abound with anecdote and *bon mot*, and are nearly as attractive in this way as the French *Ann*. We serve up a few specimens.

*Method of showing the Devil in France, in the 17th Century.*—A contemporary writer makes Cæsar himself (a musician) thus speak:—"You would not believe how many young courtiers and young Parisians have importuned me to show them the devil. Seeing that, I besought myself of the most pleasant invention in the world to gain money. At a quarter of a league from this city (towards Gentilly, I think), I found a quarry very deep, which had long caverns on the right and left. When any person comes to see the devil, I place him therein; but, before entering, he must pay me at least forty-five or fifty pistoles. He must swear never to speak of it; he must promise to have no fear; to invoke neither gods nor demigods, and to pronounce no holy word.

"After that, I first enter the cavern; then before passing farther, I make circles, fulminations, invocations, and recite some discourses, composed of barbarous words, which I have no sooner pronounced than the curious fool and I hear great iron chains rattle, and great dogs growl. Then I ask him if he is not afraid; if he answers yes, as there are some who dare not pass beyond, I lead him back, and, having thus got rid of his impertinent curiosity, retain for myself the money which he has given me.

"If he is not afraid, I advance farther in front, muttering some frightful words. Having arrived at a place which I know, I redouble my invocations, and utter cries as if I were in a fury. Immediately six men, whom I keep in this



cavern, throw flames of resin to the right and left of us. Through the flames I show to my curious companion a large goat, loaded with huge iron chains painted vermillion, as if they were on fire. To the right and left there are two huge mastiffs, the heads of which are placed in long instruments of wood, wide at the top and very narrow at the other end. In proportion as these men incite them, they howl as much as they are able; and this howling resounds in such a manner in the instruments in which their heads are placed, that there comes out of them a noise so tremendous into this cavern, that truly my own hair stands on end with horror, although I well know what it is. The goat, which I have dressed up for the occasion, acts on his side, rattling his chains, shaking his horns, and plays his part so well, that there is no one who would not believe that he was the devil. My six men, whom I have very well instructed, are also charged with red chains, and dressed like furies. There is no other light in the place than that which they make at intervals, with the resin.

"Two of them, after having acted the devil to the utmost, come and torment my curious adventurer with long linen bags filled with sand, with which they beat him in such a manner all over his body, that I am afterwards obliged to drag him out of the cavern half dead. Then, when he has a little recovered his spirits, I tell him that it is a dangerous and useless curiosity to see the devil; and I pray him no longer to have this desire, as I assure you there are none who have, after having been beaten like a devil and a half."

*Royal and Noble Robbers.*—Towards the end of the reign of Louis XIII., or at the commencement of the following reign, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, used to take pleasure, after having made a debauch, in lying in ambuscade on the Pont Neuf, and robbing the passengers of their cloaks. It is related, in the Memoirs of Rochefort, that this prince and his companions having taken during the night five or six cloaks from the passengers, some of the persons robbed went and complained. The police arrived; at their approach the noble robbers took to flight. Among the prince's accomplices were the Count d'Harcourt, the Chevalier de Rieux, and the Count de Rochefort. The two last having fled for refuge towards the statue of Henry IV., climbed up on his horse; the Chevalier de Rieux being frightened, wished to get down; he placed his feet on the

reins of bronze—they gave way under his weight—he fell, and uttered cries which brought the police. The latter forced him to get up, and obliged the Count de Rochefort, who had stationed himself at the back of Henry IV., to come down. They were taken to the dungeons of the Châtelet, from which they only got out by powerful interest.

*Origin of the term Roué.*—Philip, Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, a prince gifted with an amiable countenance, with a mild and affable character, much wit, agreeable and varied talents, knowledge tolerably extensive for a man of his rank, worthy of praise on many accounts, merits none on that of his morals. Corrupted in his youth by the Abbé Dubois, his sub-preceptor, he surrounded himself, as soon as he came to the regency, with men and women who partook of his inclination for debauchery. It was then that all the courtiers who directed or imitated this prince received the appellation of *roués*, or persons who deserved to be broken on the wheel. The greater number were men of abandoned characters, who were proud of their depravity, and sold to the enemies of the state their influence over the mind of the regent. This prince gave to the above appellation another sense; his *roués* were, in his estimation, persons who would suffer themselves to be broken on the wheel for him; but the public, more just, gave to this word the meaning which it now bears. The dukes, the counts, the valets, whom he named his *roués*; the actresses, the duchesses, the dancers, the princesses, the ladies of honour, &c. all eagerly participated in his profligacy, and almost all filled an employment infamous even in places of infamy, which consisted in seeking out and procuring for the sultan new victims of his luxury.

At that time the princes and dukes drank to excess, as they did under Louis XIV., and as some men of the lowest class of the people still do. The Duke de Richelieu, in his Chronicle, says of the regent, "As he loved wine, much more was drunk at his house than became a regent of France. Besides, having the misfortune not to bear wine so well as his companions, he often rose from table intoxicated, or having his reason very much affected. Two bottles of champagne produced that effect on him."

*Court of the Regent Orleans.*—The duchesses and princesses of the court partook of his disgraceful taste, and frequently got drunk. The mother of the regent, Charlotte Elizabeth of Ba-

varia, in her letters, speaks, without blaming it, of the practice which the ladies of the court had adopted of drinking to excess. "Madame, the Duchess de Bourbon," says she, "can drink a great deal without being intoxicated; her daughters wish to imitate her, but their heads are not strong enough: they are, in general, somewhat less mistresses of themselves than their mother."

*Way to make a young King studious.*

—One day Madame de Ventadour, seeing her royal pupil obstinately determined to learn nothing, presented herself with an afflicted air, and said, "I have just been informed that the parliaments, afraid of having an ignoramus for their king, are going to assemble the states-general, in order to name another king." The child wept, and cried out, "Tell them that I will study!" But he only acquired a feeble dose of instruction.

*Montesquieu's Definition of a French Lord.*—"A great lord," says Montesquieu, "is a man who sees the king, and speaks to the ministers, who has ancestors, debts, and pensions. If, with that, he is able to conceal his indolence and imbecility by an air of ignorance and importance, or a feigned attachment to pleasure, he believes himself the happiest of men." *Lettres Persanes*, lettre lxxxviii. This is a French lord: the character would apply to an English, if for eagerness we read indifference or nonchalance, that being the distinction between the respective characters.

## The Naturalist.

WILSON.

We lament the death of this enthusiastic naturalist, which took place a short time since. He was interred in the cemetery of the Swedish church, in the district of Southwark, Philadelphia. We read in *The Ballot Newspaper* that "he expressed a wish to be buried in some rural spot, sacred to peace and solitude, whither the charms of nature might invite the steps of the votary of the Muses and the lover of science, and where the birds might sing over his grave. It has been matter of regret to those of his friends to whom was confided the mournful duty of ordering his funeral that his desire had not been made known to them, otherwise it would have been piously observed." We participate in their regret; for, if ever superstition be sweet to the soul, it is in fulfilment of such last indications of the ruling pas-

sion as poor Wilson is said to have expressed. It not only hallow the memory of the dead, but cherishes the enthusiasm of the living.—*Ed. Mirror.*

### CURIOUS FISH.

(For the Mirror.)

A most singular fish was brought to Plymouth, a short time since, by some fishermen, who secured it while driving for pilchards off the Mewstone. It was of an unknown species, not unlike a huge bream in shape, weighing sixty pounds, and was two feet nine inches in length, twenty-two inches in depth, and about eight inches in thickness. The dorsal and ventral fins were placed near the tail, stood off from the body, and measured each of them one foot three inches long, both of them tapering to a point. The tail itself was five inches long, and sixteen inches in breadth, crescent-like in shape, and seemingly attached to the body by a kind of hinge. The fish had no nostrils; and its mouth was barely an inch and a half wide. Instead of teeth, it was supplied with two solid sharp bones in the form of gums. Behind the pectoral fins, which were very small, were the ears, which had something of the human conformation. Its skin was perfectly invulnerable, of silvery hue, inclining to blackness towards the ridge of the back. The total absence of gills gave the head a most awkward appearance. W. G. C.

### BRAZIL.

In an interesting paper detailing the recent Russian Natural History Expedition of Brazil, we find the following lamentable account of the loss of the painter to the expedition, M. Adrian Taunay. M. Riedel, one of the party, undertook a separate tour, and "having much enriched his collections, he returned again to Matto-Grosso, at a short distance from which he was overtaken by a terrible thunder-storm. After his arrival, he had to deplore the loss of his very dear friend and fellow-traveller M. Adrian Taunay, the painter to the expedition. Trying to get under shelter before the storm reached him, this gentleman rode off from the rest of his companions, who were yet at a considerable distance from the town; and in his hurry he lost the footpath, and came to the bank of the river Guaporé, but on the side opposite Matto-Grosso. Having passed the ferry a good way, and finding at the moment no boat to bring him across, he was seen, by an old woman on the other side, to drive his



horse before him into the river. The animal got safely over; and, shortly after, his master threw himself, clothed as he was, into the current, at that time very rapid, but, losing his strength about the midst of the stream, he was drowned. He was seen by no person but the old woman, who chanced to be at the same time on the river side, and she was unable to render him any assistance. She immediately alarmed a great many of the inhabitants; but they could not find him sooner than the third day. After this melancholy accident, M. Riedel experienced many difficulties; besides, his health was impaired from the putrid atmosphere at that unwholesome place, inundated, in general, about four months in the year."—*Mag. Natural History.*

#### NOTES ON SONG BIRDS.

##### *Weather foretold by the Robin.*

FEW observers of nature can have passed unheeded the sweetness and peculiarity of the song of the robin, and its various indications with regard to atmospheric changes: the mellow liquid notes of spring and summer, the melancholy sweet pipings of autumn, and the jerking chirps of winter. In spring, when about to change his winter song for the vernal, he for a short time warbles in so unusual a strain as at first to startle and puzzle even those ears most experienced in the notes of birds. He may be considered as part of the naturalist's barometer. On a summer evening, though the weather be in an unsettled and rainy state, he sometimes takes his stand

"On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky," or on the "house top," singing cheerfully and sweetly. When this is observed, it is an unerring promise of succeeding fine days. Sometimes, though the atmosphere be dry and warm, he may be seen melancholy, chirping and brooding in a bush, or low in a hedge: this promises the reverse of his merry lay and exalted station.—*Mag. Nat. Hist.*

##### *Song of the Lark.*

This is a justly celebrated bird of song. Though monotonous, it is cheerful, and imparts a gaiety to the mind of even the most serious. His joyous matins and heavenward flight have been aptly compared to hymns and acts of adoration and praise. No bird sings with more method: there is an overture performed *vivace crescendo*, while the singer ascends; when at the full height, the song becomes *moderato*, and distinctly divided into short passages, each repeated three or four times over, like a

*fantasia*, in the same key and time. If there be any wind, he rises perpendicularly by bounds, and afterwards poises himself with breast opposed to it. If calm, he ascends in spiral circles; in horizontal circles during the principal part of his song, and zigzagly downwards during the performance of the *finale*. Sometimes after descending about half way, he ceases to sing, and drops with the velocity of an arrow\* to the ground. Those acquainted with the song of the skylark can tell without looking at them whether the birds be ascending or stationary in the air, or on their descent; so different is the style of the song in each case. In the first, there is an expression of ardent impatience; in the second, an *andante* composure, in which rests of a bar at a time frequently occur; and in the last, a graduated sinking of the strains, often touching the subdominant before the final close. The time and number of the notes often correspond with the vibrations of the wings; and though they sometimes sing while on the ground, as they are seen to do in cages, their whole frame seems to be agitated by their musical efforts.—*Ibid.*

##### *The Cuckoo*

Is constantly, at least often, followed by a small bird, which is said to be a titlark. On this circumstance is founded the proverb, on describing two disproportionately sized animals; they are said to be "like the cuckoo and titlark." From repeated observation it has appeared to me that the purpose of the small bird is to watch the motions of the cuckoo, and to drive her away; because, when on wing, the titlark is seen to dart on the cuckoo, as the swallow does upon the sparrow-hawk; and if the tit has any instinctive jealousy for the honour of his bed, his aversion to the cuckoo is naturally justifiable.

##### *The Chaffinch*

Has a peculiar call when alarmed for the safety of his nest, or when the clouds threaten rain; in the latter case, he is said to pronounce the words, "wet, wet, wet," sometimes for an hour together.—*Ibid.*

##### *Song Thrush, or Thrustle.*

Here we have one of the most musical of British birds. He is one of the first harbingers of spring, and his loud and powerful pipe is always hailed with pleasure. His song is continued for hours together, and consists of short

\* Of this familiar fact the poet Gay has made a beautiful application in his popular ballad of "Black-eyed Susan;" founding on it an appetite and admirable simile.—*J. D. for Cond.*

passages, each repeated two or three times. Some of these passages are very fine, and true to the chromatic scale. The song thrush has certainly more variety in his notes than any other British bird, the nightingale not excepted.—*Ibid.*

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PETER'S NET.

(By C. Lamb.)

"All is fish that comes to my net."

WHAT Apelles was to the *Grecian Alexander*, the same to the *Russian* was the late G—D—. None but Apelles might attempt the lineaments of the world's conqueror; none but our Academician could have done justice to the lines of the Czar, and his courtiers. There they hang, the labour of ten plodding years, in an endless gallery, erected for the nonce, in the heart of Imperial Petersburg—eternal monuments of barbarian taste submitting to half-civilized cunning—four hundred fierce Half-Lengths, all male, and all military; like the pit in a French Theatre, or the characters in Timon as it was last acted, with never a woman among them. Chaste sitters to Vandyke, models of grace and womanhood; and thou Dame Venetia Digby, fairest among thy fair compeers at Windsor, hide your pure pale cheeks, and cool English beauties, before this suffocating horde of Scythian riflers, this male chaos! Your cold oaken frames shall wane before the gorgeous gildings,

With Tartar faces thronged, and horrent uniforms.

One emperor contended for the monopoly of the *ancient*; two were competitors at once for the pencil of the *modern Apelles*. The Russian carried it against the Haytian by a single length. And if fate, as it was at one time nearly arranged, had wafted D. to the shores of Hayti—with the same complacency in his art, with which he persisted in daubing in, day after day, his frozen Muscovites, he would have sate down for life to smutch in upon canvass the faces of blubber-lipped sultanas, or the whole male retinue of the dingy court of Christophe. For in truth a choice of subjects was the least of D.'s care. A Goddess from Cnidus, or from the Caffre coast, was equal to him; Lo's, or Lot's wife; the charming widow H., or her late husband.

My acquaintance with D. was in the outset of his art, when the graving tools,

rather than the pencil, administered to his humble wants. Those implements, as is well known, are not the most favourable to the cultivation of that virtue, which is esteemed next to godliness. He might "wash his hands in innocence," and so metaphorically "approach an altar;" but his material puds were any thing but fit to be carried to church. By an ingrained economy in soap—if it was not for pictorial effect rather—he would wash (on Sundays) the inner oval, or portrait, as it may be termed, of his countenance, leaving the unwashed temples to form a natural black frame round a picture, in which a dead white was the predominant colour. This with the addition of green spectacles, made necessary by the impairment, which his graving labours by day and night (for he was ordinarily at them for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four) had brought upon his visual faculties, gave him a singular appearance, when he took the air abroad; in so much, that I have seen a crowd of young men and boys following him along Oxford-street with admiration, not without shouts; even as the Youth of Rome, we read in Vasari, followed the steps of Raphael with acclamations for his genius, and for his beauty, when he proceeded from his work-shop to chat with Cardinals and Popes at the Vatican.

The family of D. were not at this time in affluent circumstances. His father, a clever artist, had outlived the style of art, in which he excelled most of his contemporaries. He, with the father of the celebrated Morland, worked for the shop of Carrington and Bowles, which exists still for the poorer sort of caricatures, on the North side of St. Paul's Church Yard. They did clever things in colours. At an inn in Reading a screen is still preserved, full of their labours; but the separate portions of either artist are now undistinguishable. I remember a Mother teaching her Child to read (B. Barton has a copy of it); a Laundress washing; a young Quaker, a beautiful subject. But the flower of their forgotten productions hangs still at a public-house on the left hand, as thou arrivest, Reader, from the now Highgate archway, at the foot of the descent where Crouch End begins, on thy road to green Hornsey. Turn in, and look at it, for the sight is well worth a cup of excusatory cider. In the parlour to the right you will find it—an antiquated subject—a Damsel sitting at her breakfast table in a gown of the flowered chintz of our grandmothers, with a tea-service before her of the *same pattern*. The effect is most delicate.

Why have these harmonies—these *agrèmens*—no place in the works of modern art?

With such niceties in his calling D. did not much trouble his head, but, after an ineffectual experiment to reconcile his eye-sight with his occupation, boldly quitted it, and dashed into the beaten road of common-place portraiture in oil. The Hopners, and the Lawrences, were his Vandykes, and his Velasquezes; and if he could make any thing like them, he insured himself immortality. With such guides he struggled on through laborious nights and days, till he reached the eminence he aimed at—of mediocrity. Having gained that summit, he sat down contented. If the features were but cognoscible, no matter whether the flesh resembled flesh, or oil-skin. For the thousand tints—the grains—which in the life diversify the nose, the chin, the cheek—which a Reynolds can but coarsely counterfeit—he cared nothing at all about them. He left such scrupulosities to opticians and anatomists. If the features were but there, the character of course could not be far off. A lucky hit which he made in painting the *dress* of a very dressy lady—Mrs. W—e—, whose handsome countenance also, and tall elegance of shape, were too palpable entirely to escape under any masque of oil, with which even D. could overlay them—brought to him at once, an influx of sitters, which almost rivalled the importunate calls upon Sir Thomas. A portrait, he *did* soon after, of the Princess Charlotte, clenched his fame. He proceeded Academician. At that memorable conjuncture of time it pleased the Allied Sovereigns to visit England.

I called upon D. to congratulate him upon a crisis so doubly eventful. His pleasant housekeeper seemed embarrassed; owned that her master was alone. But could he be spoken with? With some importunity I prevailed upon her to usher me up into his painting-room. It was in Newman-street. At his easel stood D., with an immense spread of canvass before him, and by his side a—live Goose. I inquired into this extraordinary combination. Under the rose he informed me, that he had undertaken to paint a transparency for Vauxhall, against an expected visit of the Allied Sovereigns to that place. I smiled at an engagement so derogatory to his new-born honours; but a contempt of small gains was never one of D.'s foibles. My eyes beheld crude forms of warriors, kings, rising under his brush upon this interminable stretch of cloth. The Wolga, the Don, and

the Nieper, were there, or their representative River Gods; and Father Thames clubbed urns with the Vistula. Glory with her dazzling Eagle was not absent, nor Fame, nor Victory. The shade of Rubens might have evoked the mighty allegories. But what was the Goose? He was evidently *sitting* for a something.

D. at last informed me, that having fixed upon a group of rivers, he could not introduce the Royal Thames without his *swans*. That he had inquired the price of a live swan, and it being more than he was prepared to give for it, he had bargained with the poulterer for the *next thing to it*; adding significantly, that it would do to roast, after it had served its turn to paint swans by. *Reader, this is a true story.*

So entirely devoid of imagination, or any feeling for his high art, was this *Painter*, that for the few historical pictures he attempted, any sitter might sit for any character. He took once for a subject *The Infant Hercules*. Did he chuse for a model some robust antique? No. He did not even pilfer from Sir Joshua, who was nearer to his own size. But from a *show* he hired to sit to him a child in years indeed, (though no Infant,) but in fact a precocious *Man*, or human portent, that was disgustingly exhibiting at that period; a thing to be strangled. From this he formed *his* Infant Hercules. In a scriptural flight he next attempted a Sampson in the lap of Dalilah. A Dalilah of some sort was procurable for love or money, but who should stand for the Jewish Hercules? He hired a tolerably stout porter, with a thickish head of hair, curling in yellowish locks, but lithe—much like a wig. And these were the robust strengths of Sampson.

I once was witness to a *family scene* in his painting closet, which I had entered rather abruptly, and but for his encouragement, should as hastily have retreated. He stood with displeased looks eyeing a female relative—whom I had known under happier auspices—that was kneeling at his feet with a baby in her arms, with her eyes uplifted and suppliant. Though I could have previously sworn to the virtue of Miss —, yet casual slips have been known. There are such things as families disgraced, where least you would have expected it. The child *might* be —; I had heard of no wedding—I was the last person to pry into family secrets—when D. relieved my uneasy cogitations by explaining, that the innocent, good-humoured creature before me (such as she

ever was, and is now that she is married) with a baby borrowed from the public house, was acting Andromache to his Ulysses, for the purpose of transferring upon canvass a tender situation from the Troades of Seneca.

On a subsequent occasion I knocked at D.'s door. I had chanced to have been in a dreamy humour previously. I am not one that often poetises, but I had been musing—coxcomically enough in the heart of Newman-street, Oxford Road—upon Pindus and the Aonian Maids. The Lover of Daphne was in my mind—when, answering to my summons, the door opened, and there stood before me, laurel-crowned, the God himself, unshorn Apollo. I was beginning to mutter apologies to the Celestial Presence—when on the thumb of the right hand of the Delian (his left held the harp) I spied a pallet, such as painters carry, which immediately reconciled me to the whimsical transformation of my old acquaintance—with his own face, certainly any other than Grecianesque—into a temporary image of the oracle-giver of Delphos. To have impersonated the Ithacan was little; he had been just sitting for a God.—It would be no incurious inquiry to ascertain what the *minimum* of the faculty of imagination, ever supposed essential to painters along with poets, is, that, in these days of complaints of want of patronage towards the fine arts, suffices to dub a man a R—I A—n.

Not only had D. no imagination to guide him in the treatment of such subjects, but he had no relish for high art in the productions of the great masters. He turned away from them as from something foreign and irrelative to him, and his calling. He knew he had neither part nor portion in them. Cozen him into the Stafford or the Angerstein Gallery, he involuntarily turned away from the Baths of Diana—the Four Ages of Guercino—the Lazarus of Piombo—to some petty piece of *modern art* that had been inconsistently thrust into the collection through favour. On that he would dwell and pore, blind as the dead to the delicacies that surrounded him. There he might learn something. There he might pilfer a little. There was no grappling with Titian, or Angelo.

The narrowness of his domestic habits to the very last, was the consequence of his hard bringing up, and unexpected emergence into opulence. While rolling up to the ears in Russian rubles, a penny was still in his eyes the same important thing, which it had with some reason

seemed to be, when a few shillings were his daily earnings. When he visited England a short time before his death, he reminded an artist of a commission, which he had executed for him in Russia, the package of which was “still unpaid.” At this time he was not unreasonably supposed to have realized a sum little short of half a million sterling. What became of it was never known; what gulf, or what Arctic vorago, sucked it in, his acquaintance in those parts have better means of guessing than his countrymen. It is certain that few of the latter were any thing the better for it.

It was before he expatriated himself, but subsequently to his acquisition of pictorial honours in this country, that he brought home two of his brother Academicians to dine with him. He had given no orders extraordinary to his housekeeper. He trusted, as he always did, to her providing. She was a shrewd lass, and knew, as we say, a bit of her master's mind.

It had happened that on the day before, D. passing near Clare Market by one of those open shambles, where tripe and cow-heel are exposed for sale, his eye was arrested by the sight of some tempting flesh *rolled up*. It is a part of the intestines of some animal, which my olfactory sensibilities never permitted me to stay long enough to inquire the name of. D. marked the curious involutions of the unacquainted luxury; the harmony of its colours—a *sable vert*—pleased his eye; and, warmed with the prospect of a new flavour, for a few farthings he bore it off in triumph to his housekeeper. It so happened that his day's dinner was provided, so the cooking of the novelty was for that time necessarily suspended.

Next day came. The hour of dinner approached. His visitors, with no very romantic anticipations, expected a plain meal at least; they were prepared for no new dainties; when, to the astonishment of them and almost of D. himself, the purchase of the preceding day was served up piping hot—the cook declaring that she did not know well what it was, for “her master always marketed.” His guests were not so happy in their ignorance. They kept dogs.

I will do D. the justice to say, that on such occasions he took what happened in the best humour possible. He had no *false modesty*—though I have generally observed, that persons, who are quite deficient in that *mauvais honte*, are seldom over-troubled with the quality itself, of which it is the counterfeit.

By what arts, with *his* pretensions, D. contrived to wriggle himself into a seat in the Academy, I am not acquainted enough with the intrigues of that body (more involved than those of an Italian conclave) to pronounce. It is certain, that neither for love to him, nor out of any respect to his talents, did they elect him. Individually he was obnoxious to them all. I have heard that, in his passion for attaining this object, he went so far as to go down upon his knees to some of the members, whom he thought least favourable, and beg their suffrage with many tears.

But death, which extends the measure of a man's stature to appearance; and wealth, which men worship in life and death, which makes giants of punies, and embalms insignificance; called around the exequies of this pigmy Painter the rank, the riches, the fashion of the world. By Academic hands his pall was borne; by the carriages of nobles of the land, and of ambassadors from foreign powers, his bier was followed; and St. Paul's (O worthy casket for the shrine of such a Zeuxis) now holds—ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF G. D.  
*Englishman's Magazine.*

## LINES

SUGGESTED BY A SIGHT OF WALTHAM CROSS.

TIME-MOULDERING Crosses, gemm'd with imagery  
Of costliest work, and Gothic tracery,  
Point still the spots, to hallow'd wedlock dear,  
Where rested on its solemn way the bier,  
That bore the bones of Edward's Elinor  
To mix with Royal dust at Westminster.—  
For different rites did thee to dust consign,  
Duke Brunswick's daughter, Princely Caroline.  
A hurrying funeral, and a banish'd grave,  
High-minded Wife! were all that thou could'st  
have.  
Grieve not, great Ghost, nor count in death thy  
losses;  
Thou in thy lifetime had'st thy share of crosses.  
*Ibid.*

## The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF  
NEW WORKS.

A GUIDE TO THE ORCHARD AND KITCHEN GARDEN.

(Concluded from page 160.)

THE *Jubilee Pippin* was raised at Norwich from seed sown on the day of the Jubilee, 1809. Of the *Kewick Codlin*, Mr. Lindley says, "This and the Hawthornden might with great propriety, be recommended for the poor cottager's garden; and, whoever, as a landlord, plants them for such a purpose, may be truly deemed the cottager's friend."

This is a valuable recommendation. Probably the best way to prevent drunkenness, and the alleged evils of beer-shops would be to plant fruit-trees. The *Belle Grideline* is of Mr. Lindley's own nomenclature. He says, "it originated in a small garden near Surrey-street Gates, Norwich, about sixty years ago, and was first propagated by myself in 1793, when I gave it the above name." The *Borsdorff*, or Queen's Apple, (German) was a great favourite with Queen Charlotte, who had it imported for her annually, and it appears to have been introduced into this country soon after her arrival in 1761. The *Court of Wick Pippin* deserves especial mention:

"This most excellent and beautiful little apple originated from a seed of the Golden Pippin at *Court de Wick*, as it was formerly written, in Somersetshire. Throughout this, and indeed throughout almost all the western counties, it is held in the highest estimation as a table fruit. The trees grow to a good size, are very hardy, standing in some places the most severe blasts from the Welsh mountains, and there bearing in the greatest abundance, becoming the most perfectly ripened of their orchard fruits. It cannot have too extensive a cultivation."

The *Embroidered Pippin* looks well in print: "skin greenish white when first gathered, turning to a bright yellow, strongly marked with a sort of broken ramified net-work of deep grey russet, hence the synonyme of *Drap d'Or*, "or cloth of gold." *Fail-me-Never* is properly named, being "very hardy, and an abundant bearer." But the *London Pippin* is "a real Norfolk apple; the most common and best known of any in the Norwich market." The *Norfolk Beauffin* is what the *marchands* term "Biffin:" many thousands of these apples are dried by the bakers in Norwich annually, and sent in boxes as presents to all parts of the kingdom; our Norwich friends have hitherto forgotten us. The *Winter Majetin*, a Norfolk apple, sets at defiance "the *aphis lanigera*, a white mealy insect, so destructive to most of our old orchard trees," as does Mr. Knight's Siberian Bittersweet Apple. The *Baltimore* is a very large and beautiful American apple: "skin pale lemon colour, covered with a very thin grey russet, especially near the eye, and tinged with a pale salmon-coloured blush on the sunny side: one of its fruit 14½ inches in circumference, and 4 inches in height, weighed 1 lb. 7½ oz. avoirdupoise." The *Cornish Gilliflower* is named from its perfume resembling the Clove Gilliflower, and was discovered in

a cottage garden near Truro, about the year 1803, and was in 1813 considered of so much importance by the Horticultural Society, that they awarded the silver medal to Sir C. Hawkins, for bringing it into notice. The *Harvey Apple*, writes Ray, in 1688, took its name from "the famous Dr. Gabriel Harvey:" when baked in an oven which is not too hot, these apples are most excellent; they become sugary, and will keep a week or ten days, furnishing for the dessert a highly-flavoured sweetmeat. *Hubbard's Pearmain*, as a table apple, is unrivalled.

"The *Ribston Pippin* may be truly said to be one of the best, and certainly is one of the most popular dessert apples of the present day, as well known as the *Golden Pippin* and the *Nonpareil*; and a greater number of trees of it are sold by nurserymen throughout England, than of both those sorts put together. It was raised, according to traditionary accounts, from some pips which were brought from Rouen, about the year 1688, and sown in the garden at Ribston Hall, near Knaresborough, in the county of York. A tree from these was planted out in the park, which grew to a very large size, and formed the subject of the present article. I visited it 1789, and found it in a very healthy state: it was, however, in a violent gale, in 1810, thrown down; and, five years afterwards, still continued to bear fruit, although lying on the ground. It has been doubted by some, whether the tree at Ribston Hall was an original from the seed. The fact of its not being a grafted tree, has been satisfactorily ascertained by Sir Henry Goodricke, the present proprietor, by causing suckers from its root to be planted out, which have set the matter at rest, that it was not a grafted tree. One of these suckers has produced fruit in the Horticultural Garden at Chiswick."

The *Old Nonpareil* merits notice from its antiquity:—"Switzer, in 1724, says, 'The *Nonpareil* is no stranger in England, though it might have had its origin in France; yet there are trees of it about the Ashtons, in Oxfordshire, of about 100 years old, which, (as they have it by tradition) were first brought out of France, and planted by a Jesuit, in Queen Mary's or Queen Elizabeth's time.' From which it appears that it must have been in our gardens above two centuries. The trees are regularly good bearers; and when grafted upon the Doucin stock, upon a good soil, and under judicious management, their

fruit has been as perfect as the best of our newest productions."

The *Pine-Apple Russet* is an exquisite fruit: "juice more abundant than in any apple I have ever met with, as it generally runs very copiously as soon as cut open, saccharine, with that just proportion of acid which characterizes our most valuable fruits, and of a spicy flavour, with a high perfume; it is named from its abundance of juice, which somewhat resembles that of a pine-apple." The *Forest Styre* is a famous cider fruit of Gloucestershire, and is planted principally in the Forest of Dean, where it affords a stronger cider than the deeper soils of Herefordshire. *Styre Cider* may be found in the neighbourhood of Chepstow of 30 and 40 years old. In Phillips's Poem on Cider, he calls this the *Stirom*, a name which is now become obsolete. The *Orange Pippin*, when ripe resembles a crop of very ripe Seville Oranges; there are trees now to be found 100 years old: it has been supposed by some that the *Orange Pippin* was first brought from Normandy to the Isle of Wight, and that the first of the kind was planted in the garden of Wraxhall Cottage, near the under cliff, where it was growing in 1817. Of the *Redstreak* there is the following:—

"Mr. Knight, the author of the very interesting *Pomona Herefordensis*, is of opinion that the *Redstreak* was the first fine cider apple that was cultivated in Herefordshire, or probably in England; and thinks it may be doubted, whether excellent cider was ever made in any country previous to the existence of this apple. It is unquestionably a native of Herefordshire, and is supposed to have been raised from seed by Lord Scudamore in the beginning of the seventeenth century. When it began to be first cultivated, it was called *Scudamore's Crab*, and he certainly first pointed its excellence to the Herefordshire planters. Lord Scudamore was ambassador to the court of France in the time of King Charles the First."

The *Woodcock Apple* is generally supposed to have been named from an imaginary resemblance of the form of the fruit and fruit stalk, in some instances, to the head of a woodcock.

These Notes are from the Apples only; at this rate, however, we shall be weeks getting through the volume, so that we must content ourselves with specifying the number of Fruits described in Mr. Lindley's work:

Apricots	-	-	14 Varieties.
Cherries	-	-	28



Currants	-	-	6	Varieties.
Figs	-	-	27	
Gooseberries	-	-	24	
Grapes	-	-	61	
Melons	-	-	24	
Mulberries	-	-	2	
Peaches	-	-	60	
Nectarines	-	-	28	
Pears	-	-	162	
Pine Apples	-	-	37	
Plums	-	-	60	
Quinces	-	-	3	
Raspberries	-	-	22	
Strawberries	-	-	62	

The Kitchen Garden would make a nice *haricot* chapter for the gastronomic reader—we mean him who cooks and eats as he reads; although it must be owned these things look better on the table than on paper—better to the mouth than the eye. Mr. Lindley's dessert has no plates, but the fruits are exquisitely dished up.

## The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

*Saint Knighton's Glen.*

"Devonia lifts

Her rocks sublimely—  
Amid this region of enchantment stands  
A pile stupendous, rising  
Abruptly; and though nature round its base  
Has sung her leafage, yet its sides are scathed,  
And verdureless, and shiver'd."

N. T. CARRINGTON.

ONCE more, Weston, do I behold thy sunny vale, winding as of old, in all its freshness and beauty to the sea. States pass away; man perishes like the flowers of the field; but Nature is ever new, eternal and unchangeable. Such were my thoughts, as a sudden turn in the road displayed the vale of Priors-Weston before me. Many years had elapsed since I last saw Weston; much had passed in the interval—my health was somewhat impaired, and I felt a real throb of pleasure on revisiting a once loved and well-remembered scene. I like a western village. Many are the beautiful secluded little hamlets in that "region of fine landscape," the comfort and neatness of which, in my opinion, are far preferable to all the tinsel of large towns. But we are the creatures of circumstance; for a true native of Cocksaigne would undoubtedly prefer Cheapside to the finest scenes in nature. *They love a crowd.* *N'importe*, Priors-Weston was in many respects the *beau idéal* of such a village:—the scattered buildings embowered in wood,—the trim thatch, or high peaked roofs, with their flanking stacks of grotesque chimneys,—the white walls and old projecting windows peeping out amidst luxuriant masses of vine and rose leaves,—the well filled stack-yards and their appen-

dages,—the church tower and fretted windows with their matted screen of ivy, not forgetting an antique yew tree or two, in the churchyard, whose dark and sombre foliage was in harmony with the spot, contrasting well with the silvery larches in the shrubbery of the adjoining vicarage;—and the indescribable air of comfort and plenty which characterised the whole view,—when taken together, formed a scene such as old England alone can display.

As I progressed through the village, towards the hospitable roof of a friend of whom more anon, I perceived that like other places, time had made a considerable change in Priors-Weston. A new street had arisen at the southern extremity, and a tram-road passed across it which was carried onwards to the little port of——, distant several miles; where the increased crowd of masts alongside the old pier betokened that it too, was thriving like its neighbour.

Poor Charles Hyde! manly, single-hearted, and sincere, thou wert a true sailor—yet untainted by the world, and unsuspicious of its quicksands;—thoughtless as a boy;—yet with a mind that could sternly occupy itself when occasion needed—we yet remember its flashes.

Charles Hyde's father was once the proprietor of the Priors-Weston estate. In the wild country near it, to which we shall have occasion presently to allude, a lode of copper ore had been struck by a mining speculator. This person was a great schemer, and like many such, very needy. Becoming acquainted with Hyde, he magnified the importance of the undertaking, which he said only wanted the *wheels greasing*. It was then a new thing in the neighbourhood, and the matter ended in Hyde's becoming involved in the concern as chief partner. Every thing looked very well at first, though Hyde was cautioned against listening implicitly to the representations of his partner; but the tremendous calls for money, and short returns, at last convinced him, when too late, that he had been the dupe of a scheming, sanguine man, who looked at things through a false medium. Whispers now began to be prevalent about Mr. Hyde's affairs. He was in debt to a large extent. The interest had been for some time unpaid on an incumbrance on his estate; the parties threatened to foreclose,—his partner deserted him in the midst of it and went abroad,—and death stepped in just in time to screen the ruin which was every where staring

him in the face. He caught an inflammation on the lungs from a violent wetting got underground when heated, and in ten days afterwards, poor Christopher Hyde—whose only fault was perhaps too speculative a disposition, and whose fate is not singular,—was lying with his forefathers in Priors-Weston church.

His wife, the orphan of a naval officer, and whose union had been of the happiest description, was thus suddenly and unexpectedly left a widow. Happily poor Charles was an only child, but in the wreck of his father's affairs he had a cheerless prospect before him. Bravely did they bear up against their misfortunes; without a tear Mrs. Hyde left her splendid home, and retired to the little cottage at the Knoll in the adjoining village of Priors-Weston. Mrs. Hyde possessed a settlement of 100*l.* a year, which was all she had to depend upon for the support of herself and child; but the creditors litigated about this, and in the meantime she was left nearly penniless. The mortgagee foreclosed and took possession of the estate: and the produce of the valuable stock and machinery of the mines and other tangible property fell to the lot of two judgment creditors—which parties chuckled at their good fortune at being *in*, in lucky time before their neighbours. Charles was twelve years old, and Mrs. Hyde cast her eyes naturally towards her friends in such a juncture. Her husband's relations, who had been sawning and living on them for years, protested that he had acted like a madman, and they had always disapproved of the match, "but still they greatly regretted it was not in their power at present," &c. Her own relations were all dead or abroad. One individual alone stepped forward to cheer the broken heart, when all the world seemed to have deserted her—it was an entire stranger. Captain Follaton, a veteran naval officer, having an only daughter to bring up, selected Priors-Weston for his residence, from the beauty and salubrity of its situation. By his advice and assistance, the scoundrels, as he said, who had commenced law proceedings, were quickly brought on their marrow-bones. The families were soon *old* friends, in every respect but the duration of time. Charles became dotingly fond of the sea, which was probably augmented by the occasional society of a few middys whose slang and laced jackets and dirks are taking things to a youngster. Follaton therefore got him aboard a man of war, and after serving for twelve years, I now found him laid up for the present, at his

native place, luxuriating on a lieutenant's half-pay; his ship having been paid off, and he having no chance of promotion.

Singularly enough I met Charles who was walking to meet me, just as I checked my horse on approaching the tram-road. After welcoming me, he gave a glance around, while a shade came across his features, "I see you guess where this leads to—my poor father was right after all; the old shafts turned out well at last." It appeared that a near relation, who had characterised his father's schemes as insane and refused to assist his widow in her utmost need, had nevertheless purchased the mine, &c., for an "old song," and a very rich lode was accidentally struck soon after, by which he realized a large fortune. One man—indeed often several—but too frequently expend their capital for another to profit by in speculations of this nature. Such are some of the vicissitudes of mining affairs!

(To be continued.)

## The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.

SHAKESPEARE.

### CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES AT THE CORONATION OF KING JAMES II.

KING James retrenched several things in the ceremony of the coronation, one of which was the cavalcade from the Tower to Westminster, saving thereby a charge of 60,000*l.*

The King slept at St. James's Palace, the night before his coronation. He was crowned on St. George's day 1685. The crown which did not fit the King's head, was often slipping off, and Mr. Henry Sidney supporting it with his hand, pleasantly said to the King "It was not the first time his family had supported the crown." This Mr. Sidney was afterwards created Earl of Romney by King William; and he was the first person of note that joined him against James.

P. T. W.

### THE CORONATION.

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